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UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion

Official Organ of the Congress of Religion

We top the poisonous blooms that choke the state,
At flower and fruit our flashing strokes are made,
The whetted scythe on stalk and stem is laid,
But deeper must we strike to extirpate
The rooted evil that within our gate
Will sprout again and flourish, branch and blade;
For only from within can ill be stayed
While Adam's seed is unregenerate.

With zeal redoubled let our strength be strained
To cut the rooted causes where they hold,
Nor spend our sinews on the fungus mold,
When all the breeding marshes must be drained.
Be this our aim; and let our youth be trained
To honor virtue more than place and gold.

A hundred cities sapped by slow decay,
A hundred codes and systems proven vain
Lie hearsed in sand upon the heaving plain,
Memorial ruins mounded, still and gray;
And we who plod the barren waste to-day
Another code evolving, think to gain
Surcease of man's inheritance of pain
And mold a state immune from evil's sway.

Not laws; but virtue in the soul we need,
The old Socratic justice in the heart,
The golden rule become the people's creed
When years of training have performed their part:
For thus alone in home and church and mart
Can evil perish and the race be freed.

From "The Only Way." —*Louis V. Ledoux.*

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

VOL. LXXIV. THURSDAY, OCTOBER 22, 1914. NUMBER 8

Oh, happy opportunity! to share
In making life thus beautiful and fair!
You men and women of this race divine,
Your light amid dispersing gloom let shine!
Let not the Past's unwisdom shape To-day!
Rebuke the thought which in the gloom would stay!
Whatever gods may be beyond our ken
Are highest served by serving fellow men;
Whatever demons people lowest hell
Are fastest chained by human doing well.
Be ours to smile, to sing, to work for good,
To know that Justice cannot be withstood,
To know that Right shall yet illume the earth—
If we ourselves but give it glorious birth.

From "Poems of Human Progress." —*James H. West.*

A London publisher advertises atlasses at greatly reduced prices and we read in the same exchange that sectarian divisions that obtain so vigorously in Wales disappear, and the representatives of various denominations appear on the same platform when there is a call to arms. This is hopeful; militant religion will some day be marshaled in the interest of peace. Perhaps the union of denominations in distress of weather will make some day for the union of nations.

The recent Congressional cutting of the "Pork" Bill from $93,000,000 to $20,000,000 without, it is said, "interfering with any real project under way," offers an interesting study in independent voting. Party lines were badly disturbed in this vote; it took the independent men on both sides to force the bill to a reconsideration and this was not accomplished without a combination across party lines of those who still have an appetite for boodle in the way of patronage and the ability to reward friends.

Dr. Rauschenbusch of Rochester in *The Congregationalist* says:

"I feel the need of some concrete expression for my profound grief and depression of spirits on account of this vast catastrophe of humanity. I propose for myself to wear a bit of crepe on my coat lapel for the remaining duration of this war. This will at the same time serve me as a kind of pledge that I must use all possible efforts henceforth in the cause of peace. I have wondered whether others would join me in this. Ruskin, in "A Crown of Wild Olives," I remember, suggests that all women should wear mourning at the outbreak of a war. If you think well of it, I should be glad if you would give publicity to the suggestion."

The Christian Life, the Unitarian publication in London, tells of a Captain who distributed among his men a printed prayer, a copy of which was found upon the dead body of one of his soldiers. Perhaps our neighbor across the water justly claims that it signifies the same spirit that animated Cromwell's Ironsides and Nelson at Trafalgar. Alas, unfortunately yes, men have ever gone to battle with the name of God on their lips and the sense of devotion in their hearts. Alas how many crimes have been perpetrated not only in the name of Liberty but in the name of God. The devoutness and the conscience are commendable but the administration of the same on battlefields is lamentable. It is the judgment that is distorted; the sensibilities when coupled with more sense will lead the praying hosts away from carnal contests and blood-letting activities. Does it ever occur to our militant brethren of the religious press that:

"He that findeth his life shall lose it; and he that loseth his life for my sake shall find it."

Alfred Noyes in an article on "Poets and Poetry" written a year ago and recently published in *The Hesperian,* said:

"I believe we are on the threshold of a momentous period of poetic utterance. It may come in the form of epics of modern life, but it will be epoch making. Matthew Arnold says 'Poetry's future is immense. In poetry the race will come to find an ever sure stay. Now, more than ever, the world is beginning to realize the poet's mission.' The modern atmosphere is broadening to poetry in proportion to the broadening of life today. Moreover, the poet is more in touch with life to-day than he ever was. Good poetry should view life from the cosmic angle rather than from the specialist's angle."

We wonder if Mr. Noyes could write with the same confidence out of as calm a vision and undisturbed judgment now when even the author of "The Winepress" in which is pictured war in such graphic, truthful colors, has joined with his fellow-Englishmen in making a bill of exception in the interest of his own people in this "one war more," as if England's greatness depended upon its battleships or was subject to destruction by the guns of a cousin king and a brother nation.

"Not by powder and ball, but through love's louder call,
Will the merciful banners yet wave over all."

The Continent strikes a high note in its editorial of October 1st entitled: "War Must Not Be Provided For." Notwithstanding the crushing argument "taken from real life" it still seems necessary to plead with power-mad men that preparing for war is not the way to secure peace. Our Presbyterian neighbor knows his Paul well when it quotes him as saying:

"Put ye on the Lord Jesus Christ and make not provision for the flesh to fulfill the lusts thereof."

From this basis it argues that:

War came because it was provided for.
Any sin will come in, as the apostle only too well understood, at any place where a door is left open for it.
Preparing for war is bound to cause war.

But we are afraid that our neighbor reckons without its host when it says:

Plainly the claim that war preparation, if threatening enough, will avail to prevent war, can never again be honestly affirmed.

For even now great daily newspapers in Chicago as elsewhere and men too prominent in the limelight, swaying great influence upon the public mind, are still urging the old argument that matters international are not amenable to the same arbitrament of law, justice and reason as are disputes between individuals, corporations and states inside of national boundaries.

The article by Ray Stannard Baker in the October *American* on William Kent, "A Philosopher in Congress," is as significant as it is interesting, showing as it does how a man independent, without any party affiliation can by virtue of his independence become a power even in the Congress of the United States, a body where party lines are surveyed with such relentless severity and where the crack of the party whip is likely to bring into line even men of clear thought, capable of doing their own thinking. The story of Mr. Kent shows also how a man of wealth can become a man of ideas and ideals. He is a democrat, aggressive, radical; and by the sheer power of thought and the conscience engendered thereby has become a strenuous server of the public, touched with a spirit of service that brings religious awe and sensibility ungendered by creed and independent of ecclesiastical forms, though here as elsewhere groping for more adequate expression of a growing life. We reprint in another place the poem which Mr. Baker offers in part which first appeared in the columns of UNITY. It expresses the unobtrusive and modest side of this aggressive independent, this fearless democrat, this tireless student of religion in the plural number, an unlabeled and independent servant of the public.

The Second Universalist Society of Chicago recently passed strong resolutions commending President Wilson's Peace Policy and urging concerted action in favor of disarmament. Let all churches go and do likewise. This may seem to some of our complacent Americans far fetched, and a sinister smile may creep over the face even of preachers and deacons as they reflect how little this will affect either King, Czar or Kaiser and their cabinets in whose hands are the issues of war. It is well to remind these skeptics that there is much missionary work to be done at home yet, that still the ethics and the religion of the United States when probed to the bottom are on a war basis and the peace clamor is but surface talk. On the eve of the election but few people who boast of Christian membership even think of asking the law-making candidates for the United States Congress what their attitude is upon the fundamental economic, ethical and political problem of the age. "Reformers" and "Progressives" who discant the menace from "graft" and "pull" and "boss rule" when once elected will complacently proceed to multiply the devil ships of war, to encourage the greatest grafters of the twentieth century: the armor makers and bullet manufacturers; and the wives of these men, the mothers of American voters, will proceed at Christmas time to stuff their children's stockings full of toy guns and mimic soldiers. They will clothe their darlings in wild Indian suits and with war paint and feather caps send them out on the streets with their tomahawks to play the assassin and to feed their childish imagination with gore. It is not inopportune to begin now and in the United States to do more fundamental work in the interest of peace than has ever been done before. It is a question of pedagogy before it is a question of legislation; the psychology of war reaches far back of forts and regiments into the church and the home, the creed and the conduct of would-be saintly men and women.

"Our "large" neighbors of the religious press: *The Advance*, for fifty years the organ of Congregationalism in the West, and *The Standard*, the Baptist weekly in its sixty-second volume, have both of them recently assumed the more modest proportions of UNITY. Perhaps considerations of economy compelled UNITY to anticipate this more economic form eighteen years ago, but we confess that our sense of respectability is enhanced by the appearance of these organs of large and aggressive denominations in the same form. There are manifest advantages in this reduced form other than of a financial nature. The day of the big blanket sheet for religious weeklies has gone by, as indeed the day when the public needs a religious "newspaper," one that undertakes to give to its readers current news and discussions of literature, art and politics except as these bear upon the spiritual life and the attempt to organize the same into religious potency is going. With these changes has come an end of that advertising patronage that made the publication of a religious newspaper comparatively an easy financial problem. The monthly magazines, the daily papers and the attendant advertising "syndicates" and "agencies" have put an end to financial support for religious papers from these directions and the "organs" of big denominations are reduced to something of the same impecuniosity as the little independent UNITY. These papers in their new forms are able to give most of their pages to

reading matter. There is no plethora of advertisements to interfere. Thus all specialized weeklies of which *The Advance, The Standard* and UNITY (begging our neighbors pardon for the yoking together) are types of many valuable papers that have become pensioners on the missionary spirit and must be sustained as missionaries are sustained, out of the consecrated funds of those who believe in the message and who recognize the economy of the nimble footed witness that weekly reaches its thousands where the missionary in flesh and blood at greatly increased traveling expenses reaches at best only his scores. We congratulate our neighbors upon their neat dress, the modesty of which adds to their attractiveness, and we hope for them continued usefulness and increased efficiency. Perhaps after a while it will be discovered that similarity in form has been paralleled with an increasing similarity in material. Some day there will be fewer religious weeklies in order that there may be better ones.

For Whom Are You Going to Vote?

Spite of wars and rumors of war, the political pot begins to boil and before the third of November arrives communities from the Atlantic to the Pacific will be stirred with boisterous agitation. The spell-binder will make his violent appeals for the safety of the nation, the old jokes will be revamped, the old threats of disgrace and degeneracy if the opposite party should be elected, will be rehearsed, although in most cases as in the State of Illinois and the City of Chicago, the interests are almost wholly local, having no more relation to national politics and the "parties" involved therein than has the direction of a local bank, the administration of a county fair or the management of the public schools. But there will be a desperate and, in the main, successful attempt to divide the communities on party lines. If past experiences prove anything, the bulk even of intelligent voters, aye, the would-be gurdians of public morals and private consciences will be driven to the polls under the party flag; preachers and deacons, bishops and elders, Sunday School teachers and Y. M. C. A. and similar organization workers, will in the main vote according to their party traditions rather than along the line of personal merit or individual judgment. If it were only the ignorant and the unlettered who hurrahed for Andrew Jackson or for Abraham Lincoln still thinking that they are voting for their parties, it would not be so bad; but the intelligent and the informed are so enmeshed in partisan entanglements, so confounded by the intricacies which the politicians have woven around them, and, saddest of all, so confined to a distasteful alternative that there seems scarcely anything left for them to do at the polls but to vote for the party of their preference while they hold their noses and cast their ballots for what they consider the lesser of two evils.

In Illinois the voter for the first time will be permitted to cast his vote for a United States Senator, the most dignified, responsible and crucial office at the disposal of the public. Here party principles (other things being equal) should obtain and party preferences might count, but even here, although the Primary Law worked at its best, the alternative, to say the least, is a perplexing one to the independent voter. No towering personality, no clearly "Illinois grand old man," no "leading citizen" by common consent, is offered to claim the franchise of the patriot in any party. The Democrats of the State responded to the lash of the long-enthroned boss, and a name, unsavory to the intelligent and honest citizen, a name that has been identified with the most disgraceful things in Chicago politics, a name associated with the most corrupt and corrupting franchises and privileges; a man unknown as a leader of thought, as an advocate of principle or culture, unidentified with the human or humanizing struggles of city or state, aspires to the United States Senate and the much vaunted "organization" and the money connected therewith is back of him, and it is altogether probable that Illinois has another humiliation in store for it.

The Republicans of Illinois wanting a first rate candidate, apparently deficient of a conspicuous and trusty leader, had to choose from a list of second rate men and perhaps did the best they could "under the circumstances," but they chose a candidate in whom the statesman has been subordinated to the politician.

The Progressives have put a clean-handed evangelist on the stump and he is doing right loyal work in his assault on corruption and corruptionists. He is a high-minded man identified with many of the forward movements of the city. He has been a champion of the laborer and a friend of the poor, but so far as is known to the present writer, he has failed to declare himself on the two great over-shadowing problems in American politics today. So far as heard from he shares the ambiguity concerning the two dangerous fallacies of the new born party as set forth by its militant leader, namely: the question of race equity, the granting of political, financial and social justice to the black citizens throughout all of the United States, according to the letter and the spirit of the constitution of the United States; and, the question of the multiplying of battleships and the increasing of armaments as a national policy. To the mind of the present writer there is no question in national politics so important as that concerning the future attitude of the United States relative to the practical problems of disarmament, of international arbitration and the pacification of the world.

When it comes to city affairs the lines in Chicago represent confusion worse confounded. Here again the situation is pathetic because in a large majority of cases the high minded voter, the clean handed citizen is disfranchised before he enters the polling booth. Partisan politics and the astute gamesters who pursue politics as a game have their work already done. They primaried the primaries, and the offices of trust and particularly those empowered with legislative responsibility have been manipulated by and for the self-seeking partisan in such a way that the independent voter had but little voice and now has but little choice. That these candidates are well shaven and well stockinged and are quite "respectable" oftentimes goes without the saying, but they have lent themselves to the vicious theory that there is no place for ideals and idealists in "practical politics." In Illinois the Primary Law, the child of progressive agitation, the hope of the reformers, has been so manipulated by the bosses as to make independency hard and partisanship easy. One-half of one per cent of the total vote cast will place a partisan on his ticket, but five per cent is necessary to place an independent on the ticket, and no one is permitted to sign the petition of an independent who has voted at a primary, however much he may have been disappointed and perchance disgraced by that primary, and no independent can vote at the primary without more or less perjuring himself, for the man, the essence of whose patriotism consists in the fact that he is non-partisan, one who has backed his convictions with his practice of never voting a "straight ticket," must "declare his party" before he is allowed to express his choice at the primary.

Thus it is that in Chicago and Illinois at least it is a foregone conclusion that the election returns will misrepresent much of the nobility, intelligence and sincerity of its citizens. Partisan activities and the subtle "ways that are dark and the tricks that are vain," like sewer gas in the cellar, have rendered mephitic the air, so that even the chosen representatives of morality, religion and education are troubled with "cold feet" and "ringing in the ears" before election. Like Rip Van Winkle they are constrained to not count this once, promising themselves to begin earlier next time and to do better.

But after all is said and done, the franchise laws of the United States and the achievements of the next election from ocean to ocean will present a hopeful ideal to all the other nations of the world. There is to be enacted in the United States of America on the third of November next, a lesson in government, a triumph of civilization of which the citizens from Mexico to Russia, including the helmeted Kaiser, the gentle mannered King of England and all the epauletted and sword-wearing murderers by governmental consent, may well stand up and take notice.

John Fiske Memorial at Petersham

On Sunday, September 13, a special service was held in the Unitarian Church in Petersham, preliminary to the unveiling of the memorial which has been placed at the grave of John Fiske in the Petersham cemetery.

Passages were read from Dr. Fiske's writings, which illustrated the main points of his teaching about the evolution of humanity, the progress of civilization, and the ultimate destiny of man. The vigor of his thought and his virile optimism were especially reassuring at this time. This was followed by a reading of the poem on Petersham written by the son, Ralph Fiske, found among his papers after his death, and printed in the *Atlantic Monthly* in 1899. Rev. Robert C. Douthit, who was minister of the church at the time, gave an address in which he spoke of Dr. Fiske's interesting and intimate associations with Petersham.

At the close of these exercises the company reassembled at the cemetery, where the memorial was unveiled by John Fiske, a son of the late Clarence S. Fiske of Petersham and Cambridge, and grandson of Dr. Fiske. The monument is an impressive symbolic expression of the teachings of the evolutionary philosophy.

The inscription on the stone reads:

DISCE UT SEMPER VICTURUS.
VIVE UT CRAS MORITURUS.

JOHN FISKE.

MARCH 30, 1842—JULY 4, 1901.

Mr. Douthit spoke in part as follows:

I voice the sentiment of all who have come here today when I express gratitude that we as residents of Petersham have been welcomed to this service. We are grateful that the family circle has been enlarged for this occasion and that we are permitted to join Dr. Fiske's kindred in our tribute of affection and honor. Friends from a distance who come to Petersham always ask about Dr. Fiske, the location of his grave, and his association with the town. Not a few visitors first of all make a pilgrimage to that sacred plot of earth in the old cemetery. All of us are personally interested in the placing of this monument, which years of loving regard for the man and of sympathetic devotion to his ideals have sought to embody in a form fit adequately to represent the permanence and importance of his contribution to the thought of the century in which he lived.

We are glad to recall that Dr. Fiske was early associated with the life of this church. Some of you can undoubtedly remember the impressive messages which he delivered from this pulpit. Others can perhaps recall those rare and memorable occasions when he assisted in the music—either at the organ or lifting his voice in song. We cannot wonder that the old meeting-house and this new meeting-house which has risen from its ashes should be looked upon as a sort of holy shrine by his children and his children's children.

It is fitting, too, that our words preliminary to the unveiling of this memorial should be spoken within these walls, because the church and the Christian religion owe so much to him. During the days when the doctrine of evolution was supposed to be the arch

enemy of the church, and it seemed to be undermining the foundations of faith, he showed how the foundations of pure Christianity were not only undisturbed by the new knowledge, but were firm and secure, being grounded in the very nature of things. During the past two or three decades many a minister has begun to wonder if religion itself might not be in danger of crumbling before the fierce assaults of science and philosophy. It seemed possible that belief in God and immortality might turn out to be, after all, as one evolutionist asserted, but "a grotesque fungoid growth that clustered around the primitive thread of ancestor worship." In the face of the materialistic assumptions of popular science, Dr. Fiske became a champion of the spiritual interpretation of things. His four little volumes, "The Idea of God," "Destiny of Man," "Through Nature to God," and "Life Everlasting," proved to be a most convincing and reassuring basis of defense for religion. In each volume there was compressed into a few pages the results of a rare insight into the fundamentals of religious faith. They are unusual examples of qualities that have not often been conspicuous in religious discussions,—clear thinking, comprehensive knowledge, calm judgment, and lucid exposition. Dr. Fiske expressed himself so plainly that even the man of the street may read and understand the inevitable conclusions of modern science as expounded by sound learning and philosophical candor. An interesting illustration of this fact is found in a recent number of the *Christian Register*. Miss Lillian Freeman Clarke states that a member of one of our Alliance branches sent to a western correspondent John Fiske's little book, "The Idea of God." It came back in rather a ragged condition, with the apology that the borrower hoped that the condition of the book would be excused, for it had been read by four hundred men in a mining camp.

This book, as well as "The Destiny of Man," should be especially dear to us in Petersham, for they were both written, as you perhaps adready know, in the Brooks homestead. "The Idea of God" was first read to a group of friends under the shade of the old maples, and its inception and inspiration are indicated in the words of its dedication: "To my Wife. In remembrance of the sweet Sunday morning under the apple tree on the hillside when we two sat looking down into fairy woodland paths and talked of the things since written in this book, I now dedicate it."

As Mr. James W. Brooks said at the time of the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of Petersham, these books "are a part of the history of Petersham because they are the germ of all history and of all biography, including the aspirations of the saint and the forebodings of the sinner. . . . For any help that these two little volumes have afforded the living and may yet afford the unborn, we of Petersham may be glad to remember that here they were written and that here their writer rests."

We all know of Dr. Fiske's deep affection for Petersham. Wherever he might be, on either side of the Atlantic, his heart turned to this as the most beautiful place of all. With this lovely hill-town were associated thoughts of home love and companionship—sweet and rare and beautiful. "He sometimes called it his native place, explaining that here he was born again."

It was here that the scientist Huxley and his wife spent several delightful days with Dr. Fiske. What a priceless legacy, were it possible, would be a record of the daily converse of those two friends—both unflinching in their eager search for truth and verity—as they dwelt together on the heights! Here in Petersham Dr. Fiske caught glimpses of a life that was a prophecy of the life eternal. Here he found one of the most alluring paths that led through nature to God. This gives a tender and touching significance to the oft-quoted remark that death had no terrors for him: "Dying for me," he said, "means only going to Petersham to stay."

A final touch of beauty and significance is given to our service here as we recall that it was just fifty-three years ago today that John Fiske first came to Petersham and from the hill near Mr. Waldo's farm, and with mingled emotions, looked down upon the town just as the light of the setting sun was gilding the spires of the village church. Sunday, September 6, was the fiftieth anniversary of his marriage to a daughter of Petersham.

The memorial which has been placed at Dr. Fiske's grave is designed to be a concrete expression of his philosophic and religious views. The granite mass by its great bulk and its rough exterior symbolizes the material inorganic universe, with its indwelling spiritual element of life. The side view, with the rolling forth of a partially developed sphere, suggests the indwelling spiritual element in process of evolutionary development toward perfect freedom, but still largely immeshed in its materialistic conditions.

The front view discloses a human hand coming out of the inorganic granite, surrounded by the emblems of the floral kingdom, and bearing in its grasp a quadrate torch-stock—symbolizing the development of man himself with his rational mind as the goal of the evolutionary process. The quadrate torch-stock symbolizes man's four great achievements—his language, his arts, his institutions, his philosophies. The flame rising from the torch-stock symbolizes the instinctive religious belief and ethical feeling of mankind as the highest form in which the spiritual element is expressed, and which, entering more and more into his language, his arts, his institutions, and his philosophies, illumines with ever-increasing brightness his pathway to what lies beyond his present life.

As we go to look upon this memorial to Dr. Fiske, which will be unveiled by the grandson who bears his name, may we reconsecrate ourselves to the ideals and the task that inspired him.

"Man," said he, "is slowly passing from a primitive social state, in which he was little better than a brute, toward an ultimate social state, in which his character shall have become so transformed that nothing of the brute can be detected in it. The ape and the tiger in human nature will become extinct. Theology has had much to say of original sin. This original sin is neither more nor less than the brute inheritance which every man carries with him, and the process of evolution is an advance toward true salvation. Fresh value is thus added to human life. The modern prophet, employing the methods of science, may again proclaim that the kingdom of heaven is at hand. Work ye, therefore, early and late, to prepare its coming."

—*From the Christian Register.*

I abhor war and view it as the greatest scourge of mankind. *Thomas Jefferson.*

Unveiling of the Swedish-Norwegian Peace Monument

On the 16th of August the sun rose over the beautiful scenery on the State line between Norway and Sweden. It was a morning without clouds; all nature was in finest dress in that delightful Italian summer climate of the Northland. It was Sunday morning at the appointed place, whereunto thousands wended their way in all kinds of vehicles, on foot, and by overfilled trains from both sides of the line.

Surrounded by fine farms, in a beautiful grove of pines, stands the monument, made of the finest Norwegian granite, sixty feet high, an imposing symbol of the covenant between the two brother people of common ancestry, customs, language, history—the oldest and richest of northern Europe. It is a marvel that such a monument could be erected only nine years after the culmination of a long-standing sectional and political conflict, which finally broke the union of the States in 1905, leaving Norway and Sweden two independent kingdoms.

After some informal ceremonies the unveiling program was begun by the Swedish Bishop Von Scheele, who gave the main address of the day, beginning with the fact that this day's joyful feast was the beacon-light in the present dark affairs of Europe, but through such events should the new day break when war and bloodshed would be made impossible, and when the will of God would be done on earth as it is in heaven. We look forward to an established compulsory court of final resort that will abolish war forever. It is with this hope that we are met here today to devote this monument as a memento of one hundred years of peace, standing by this pillar, wherein are cut the words of King Oskar, "Hereafter is war between the Skandinavian brother people made impossible." To make this true we must receive power from above, from the One from whom all good and perfect gifts come.

President Lóvland of the Norwegian Storthing (Parliament) said in part: "This is the greatest epoch any one of us has seen—to stand here and greet one another by this peace emblem. A beautiful dream has become a reality. Our Sagas go back more than a thousand years. In nine hundred we fought each other, and every hundred brought us weakness and loss. It is a hundred years since we used weapons against each other. Since then we have made great strides forward, and the happiest lot has been ours—great progress in culture, economy and intelligence. We have exchanged thought and deeds; fruitful has been our united endeavor. The conflicts from now on will be friendly competition that will keep our minds and powers young and fresh, and they will be our best weapons. So that whatever comes in our way in the future, we do not go to war with each other. This monument shall tell of our first hundred years of peace, and Norway's and Sweden's flags shall ever unfurl to the breeze as flags of peace."

Two other short, set speeches of the same character were made by Bernard Hanson, member of the Norwegian Storthing, and editor Carl Sunblad of Stockholm. Interspersed with songs and music there followed a number of informal addresses, received with much enthusiasm, because untrammeled. Their slogan was "Down with arms!" while the set speeches were careful to command that our "neutrality" must be maintained and defended. Some sixty members of the Norwegian Storthing and ten prominent members from the Swedish Ricksdag, with many other functionaries and leaders in political circles, were present, and thought a long step forward had been taken toward universal peace and goodwill as a possible rebuke to the war spirit that now degrades the most of Europe. Akerman spoke eloquently for the Swedish Ricksdag and a united North. Grónberg, from the Danish Ricksdag, spoke most appreciatively of the meaning of the day for all Scandinavia. John F. Hanson spoke for the American peace movement, referred to the peace policy of President Wilson in his efforts to settle Mexican affairs without bloodshed, and also to William Penn's "holy experiment" as of far-reaching influence even in our day. Dr. Nelson of Sweden spoke for the peace bureau at Berne and of interparliamentary work for peace.

Editor Sunblad, after reading over fifty telegrams, closed the ceremonies with apt illustrations, as after storm comes quiet, and after rain the rainbow as a promise that the flood of sin now cursing fair Europe shall pass; the peace idea will make progress as never before. To this the thousands raised hands high in covenant to do their best for peace on earth and good will among men. It was a most inspiring spectacle to see such crowds stand for hours responding enthusiastically to the facts of the great occasion. At the close of the ceremonies the Swedish Peace Society entertained at dinner one hundred and fifty of the most prominent of the delegates.

—*John Frederick Hanson.*

—*From the Advocate of Peace, October,* 1914.

War!

How clear it is that lawless ego turns insane—and yet so long have the multitudes lost themselves in obedience to a few families that have never learned to govern themselves, much less their race; the many fallen victim often to imperial sons who have not the intelligence to keep themselves clean, mere galvanisms of degraded passions. Inbred, luxury-lapped, world-fattened princes, played upon by every illusion and destructive force of the world of matter, nurtured in nests of softening, out of which any common man, not stupid, would pluck his own son as from a net of the devil; and the fortunes of whole races of men in the hands of such decadents—down-grade men, their *backs* to the East, drawn not to heaven nor any ideal, but like other brute material, answering with little or no complication, the pull of the earth's center. Before God that man is king only who has mastered himself, and this is the last time for the multitudes to be slaughtered and betrayed by the mock divinity of war-lords.

It was very clear (though I had been unable to perceive it before this rending of Europe and the world) that there must be a great war to end war. In no other way was that master of lies to be destroyed—that the only safe peace is in the presence of great armaments. All the seers and prophets of the world could not make themselves heard in the din of gun practice and riveting armor plate. The poor will die and the poor will pay, and then the poor will speak—that is the high and thrilling hope of this hour.

Peace, not as a policy, but as a principle—the old love of man for his neighbor—that is the very essence of our future welfare and nobility. It is tragically clear now that war, in its very nature, could not die a lingering death, but must die with violence—a passing that will rend the world.

A passing, too, of the last imperial house, and all the barbarism and flunkeyism appertaining; for the spiritual deformity of kings is the breeding-bed of war. The passing of Hohenzollern, Hapsburg, Romanoff and other national parasites and baneful autocracies, all roots and lines that ramify them, not only cut down but burned afterward—the trade-cunning of Krupp and his like with them—that this may be the true and final extermination of the army worm. The strong peasant stalk and bloom where they cling and devour—this is the great sacrifice. A last time, for the poor of the world must now perceive the truth. The final tragedy of God's many—that the dream and the spirit of peace, conceived in agony, brought forth in this planetary parturition of war, may emerge not a dream, but clothed in the body and brain of flesh to move forever among men.

"In a space of fifty square yards the bodies of two hundred Germans lay crying for burial," and on the same sheet this cry of America, *"Now is the time for us to profit!"* The States of America must go to their knees to be rid of that temptation—the voice of the trade mind at its worst and lowest, a blend of green and yellow, of covetousness and cowardice, in the presence of Europe's ineffable disaster, which if not overcome now will bring us to the pass of Europe or worse, before it is done. The spirit of peace flees to fields of carnage from the atmosphere of that conception. But such a shame will pass. The formal neutrality and the substantial neutrality of these States shall not be fouled in such a crisis by the dollar.

Will Levington Comfort.

From the Craftsman for October.

NOT DOUBTS BUT DOINGS.

I know not whence I came,
I know not whither I go;
But the fact stands clear that I am here
In this world of pleasure and woe.
And out of the mist and murk
Another truth shines plain—
It is my power each day and hour
To add to its joy or its pain.

I know that the earth exists,
It is none of my business why;
I cannot find out what it's all about,
I should but waste time to try.
How soon we could gladden the world,
How easily right all wrong,
If nobody shirked, and each one worked
To help his fellows along!

Cease wondering why you came—
Stop looking for faults and flaws;
Rise up today in your pride and say,
"I am part of the First Great Cause!
However full the world,
There is room for an earnest man.
It had need of me, or I would not be—
I am here to strengthen the plan."

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

There never was a good war or a bad peace.

Benjamin Franklin.

A GREAT CITIZEN

The Life of Gerrit Smith

BY

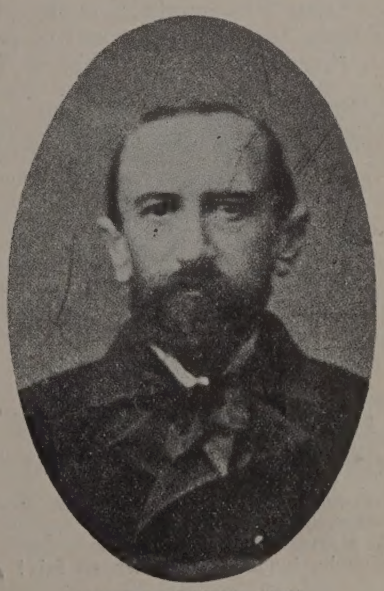
CHARLES EDWIN PERKINS

CHAPTER XX.

EDWIN MORTON.

About 1855, Mr. Smith engaged Edwin Morton as tutor for his son Greene. Morton was a young man, just out of Harvard College, where he had been a classmate of Frank B. Sanborn's. He was of the Plymouth Mortons, and a descendant of Pilgrim ancestry.

The young man proved to be an excellent teacher, and his talents, which were many, made him a decided



EDWIN MORTON. 1880.

favorite in the household. Mr. Smith grew to repose unlimited confidence in him, and as he was an ardent abolitionist by conviction and warmly interested in the cause of a free Kansas, he was naturally admitted to knowledge of all his employer's activities in the aid societies, and otherwise. He became acquainted with John Brown through the frequent visits of that militant leader to Peterboro, and formed a close attachment to him. All that Gerrit Smith knew of Brown's plans, both as to Kansas and after, was known to Morton. Indeed, his knowledge of the part enacted by the more intimate friends and supporters of Brown, including Mr. Smith, was so thorough-going, that, to protect the interests of the group, he took himself where he could not be called before any committee of investigation, to answer questions. He retired first to Canada, and from thence went to Europe.

He remained abroad a considerable time before returning to America; and years later crossed the Atlantic again, taking up his abode at Morges, in Switzerland, where he died in 1900.

Among his other gifts and accomplishments, Edwin Morton possessed fine musical and poetic talent; and as poetry and music were highly appreciated in the Smith household, he found much in the social atmosphere to encourage expression of his powers in

these fields. He readily adopted a custom, started by Gerrit Smith, of writing tributes in verse to members of the family, on occasions of peculiar interest, as birthday and other anniversaries, and the little poems thus hastily penned, give the reader pleasant pictures of life in an almost charmed, certainly very charming family circle. Some of Morton's verses were published by his friend Sanborn, in the Boston *Commonwealth,* while the latter was its editor, from 1863 to 1867; and others at his Swiss home in Morges. The poems in *The Commonwealth* bore the signature, Henry Pymm.

It is pleasing to reflect that, while the head of the Peterboro home was so vigorously, tirelessly and often combatively occupied with the burning affairs of the great world, the currents of family life afforded some relief through literature and music and the frequent presence of agreeable guests. Mr. Morton was much missed from that delightful circle, after his departure. In later years, he returned to pay visits to the family at Peterboro, and later still, to the home of the Millers at Lochland, Geneva.

Several of the poems are given here, having been generously placed in the hands of the writer by Mr. Sanborn.

INDIAN SUMMER.

(To E. S. M.)

Elizabeth Smith Miller.

Soft Indian Summer, come once more,
Still kindly brings thy natal day;
And musing long by wood or shore
My heart still sings one simple lay.

Oh! sweetest Spring of life was thine,
Aye breathing airs of May and June;
An atmosphere of love divine
To which thy heart kept perfect tune!

Thy Summer crowned with fruit and flower,—
A heaven-sent wreath of beauty rare—
Brought warmth, and light, and love in dower
To all who loved thee, grown so fair!

And thus while Autumn binds thy brow
With matron's, more than conqueror's wreath,
May we our loyal homage vow
With hearts grown pure, thy smile beneath!

TO KATIE.

Anne Fitzhugh Miller.

All night, all night I watch the stars
From out my lonely window bars,
O Katie dear—
Long, long I gaze with tears and sighs
For as their softened splendor streams
Thro' the still air
Like happy thoughts thro' your sweet dreams
So pure and fair—
They but remind me of your eyes—
The light I love of your sweet eyes
And long I gaze with tears and sighs,
O Katie dear!

The dewy heavens so sweetly starred,
By bookish men are sadly scarred
With hard names given!
The constellations sweet
Tripping with jewelled feet
Across the heaven,
Must lead forsooth a surly bear
Or scourge a dragon thro' the air,
O Katie dear,
A dragon thro' the air!

For me—I read them all the same—
They ever, ever spell your name.

Or go they fast, or go they slow,
In heaven high or heaven low,
Or interchanging to and fro,
'Tis that sweet name they love to trace
And spell it o'er and o'er
And write it evermore.
Where no rude hand can reach it to efface,
My Katie dear,
Can reach it to efface!

And in the early grey of morn
With crimson draperied breast,
Oh! tenderly the blushing Dawn
Looks forth from East to West.
Looks forth to breathe one tender kiss
Unto the dropping noon
Nor dreams that jealous Lucifer
Above is ever watching her
And envies deep, that wafted bliss,
And sighs for such a boon!

But ah! thy gently kindling flush,
O Katie dear,
With beauty wed
Would make, I swear
The envious dawn to blush
A deeper red,
O Katie dear—
A deeper red!

And could that morning star
From his blue height afar
But taste thy kiss—
He'd linger in the sky
Nor heed Apollo nigh
But kiss and faint and die
Amid such bliss.

SARAH M. GRIMKE.

O Thou whose truth we dimly seek,
And murmur while no voice we hear,
And with thine angels fain would speak
When to our blindness nought is clear,—

That murmuring blindness, Lord, forgive!
Behold in her Thy truth revealed,
Thine angel lent with us to live
While sightless we to heaven appealed!

Thy voice was hers,—her lips thy truth,—
Beneath whose earnest accents quailed,
In saintly age, or burning youth,
All shapes of Wrong which Right assailed!

Those accents cease—the angel flies!
A Heavenly silence round us falls!
But the bright vision never dies,
And to each heart forever calls!

These lines were written, evidently after one of Miss Grimké's visits at the Peterboro mansion, where she was ever a most welcome guest.

TO B. H. M.*

A Seventieth Birthday.

To those who climb these Alps sublime
A calmer, purer sky is given.
And thus these bolder heights of time
But lift us to the calm of Heaven!

From these clear heights we still behold
The clouds which veiled our lives below;
But now *beneath* they softly fold,
In noonday light or evening glow!

No more they hide the sun and stars,
No more the tender blue above,—
The Eternal Day his Hand unbars
Who guides us while we Heavenward move!

* B H. M., Mr. Sanborn thinks, was Morton's mother. The verses convey a very pure and lofty sentiment, in simple and touching language.

THE STUDY TABLE

Books for Autumn

I have here three extra good books from Macmillans. Number one is by Washington Gladden, entitled "Live and Learn." It has a lot of Gladden in it, and that is enough to endorse any book. If anonymous it would still be one of the best books of the season. It is made up of chapters right out of the author himself. He tells us that they are made up of some of his sermons. I would go to church every Sunday to hear one-quarter of the common sense contained in any chapter of this book. He has a wonderful knack at quoting from the Bible in such a way that the Bible is fresh. He speaks of a man whose mind was incapable of accuracy. These liars are everywhere, and I am sorry to say in the pulpit. They do not intend to lie, but never formed a habit of telling the truth. They pick up and publish what they think will sustain their side of the question. He says, "Whatever else you fail to do, get command of your own mind." This lecture is full of passages as good to listen to as that one. The chapter on "Learning to See" is capital. It is the first real object of a right education. Set every boy and girl in the United States at work learning to see before he is ten years of age—before he is five. All education is good for is to teach a youngster to find out things—to see correctly.

But what is the use of expanding on this splendid book. It is a little volume; be sure to get it.

The next volume is "They Who Question," author not named. It is a religious novel, and it says a lot of good things. I have not read it carefully enough to weigh it, but I do know that it is worth the while.

The next volume is by Henry C. Vedder, entitled "The Gospel of Jesus and the Problems of Democracy." Dr. Vedder is one of the rare good fellows that dare to see the truth, and who know how to state things clearly and forcibly. There is enough in in this book for a whole month's reading, and then two or three re-readings. Dr. Vedder is in every sense of the word a free thinker with the emphasis on thinker. He likes Jesus a great deal better than he does Paul, and so do I. I wish the Bible had got into our families at the outset, with only the Gospel. There is a lot of rubbish that could be dispensed with by reducing the Gospels to one. Dr. Vedder tells us that what we want now is to recast our theology in the mold of democracy. Even the Lord's Prayer would not be hurt any by changing a few words, but Dr. Vedder doesn't say so (that is my notion). At any rate every good warm-hearted, democratic child of God should have Dr. Vedder's book. All three books are published by Macmillans. E. P. POWELL.

The doctrine that violence, oppression, inhumanity, is an essential element of society, is so revolting that, did I believe it, I would say, let society perish, let man and his works be swept away, and the earth be abandoned to the brutes.

William Ellery Channing.

"FROST TONIGHT."

Apple-green west and an orange bar,
And the crystal eye of a lone, one star. . . . . .
And, "Child, take the shears and cut what you will,
Frost tonight—so clear and dead-still."

Then I sally forth, half sad, half proud,
And I come to the velvet, imperial crowd,
The wine-red, the gold, the crimson, the pied,—
The dahlias that reign by the garden-side.

The dahlias I might not touch till tonight!
A gleam of the shears in the fading light,
And I gathered them all,—the splendid throng,
And in one great sheaf I bore them along.

* * * * *

In my garden of Life with its all-late flowers
I heed a Voice in the shrinking hours:
"Frost tonight—so clear and dead-still" . . .
Half sad, half proud, my arms I fill.

—Edith M. Thomas.

SUMMONS

The eager night and the impetuous winds,
The hints and whispers of a thousand lures,
And all the swift persuasion of the spring,
Surged from the stars and stones, and swept me on.
The smell of honeysuckle, keen and clear,
Startled and shook me with the sudden thrill
Of some well-known, but half-forgotten, voice.
A slender stream became a naked sprite,
Flashed around curious bends, and winked at me
Beyond the turns, alert and mischievous.
A ruddy moon, dangling among the trees,
Seemed like a toy balloon caught in the boughs,
Flung there in sport by some too mirthful breeze.
And as it hung there, vivid and unreal,
The whole world's lethargy was brushed away.
The night kept tugging at my torpid mood
And tore it into shreds. A warm air blew
My wintry slothfulness beyond the stars.
Over the old indifference there streamed
A myriad urges in one rushing wave.
Touched with the lavish miracles of earth,
I felt the brave persistence of the grass,
The far desire of rivulets, the keen,
Unconquerable fervor of the thrush,
The endless labors of the patient worm,
The lichen's strength, the prowess of the ant,
The constancy of flowers, the blind belief
Of ivy climbing slowly toward the sun—
The eternal struggles and eternal deaths,
And yet the groping faith, of every root.
Out of old graves arose the cry of life;
Out of the dying came the deathless call,
And, thrilling with a new, sweet restlessness,
The thing that was my boyhood awoke in me.
Dear, foolish fragments made me strong again:
Valiant adventures, dreams of those to come,
And all the vague, heroic hopes of youth,
With fresh abandon, like a fearless laugh,
Leaped up to face the heaven's unconcern.
And then veil upon veil was torn side:
Stars, like a troop of merry girls and boys,
Danced gaily round me, plucking at my hand;
The night, scorning its ancient mystery,
Leaned down and pressed new courage in my heart.
The hermit thrush, throbbing with more than song,
Sang with a happy challenge to the skies;
Love, and the faces of a world of children,
Swept like a conquering army through my blood;
And beauty, rising out of all its forms—
Beauty the passion of the universe—
Flamed with its joy, a thing too great for tears,
And, like a wine, poured itself out for me
To drink of, to be warmed with, and to go
Refreshed and strengthened to the ceaseless fight;
To meet with confidence the cynic years;
Battling in wars that never can be won,
Seeking the lost cause and the brave defeat.

The Century. *—Louis Untermyer.*

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

The Apocryphal Period of Jewish Literature

Hebrew Thought Meets Greek Culture

A YEARS WORK

In the study of the Blank Leaf between the Old New and Testaments as given by Jenkin Lloyd Jones in his Classes of Religion.

1913-1914

Prepared for UNITY by Miss May Johnson and Mrs. William Rothman

XXX.

The Book of Jubilees

TEXT: *Why do ye worship things that have no life in them.* *Chapter xii:5.*

Read Leviticus xxv:1-23 for account of Old Testament Jubilee.

R. H. Charles, the great English student of this period, says: "It is difficult to exaggerate the value of the book of Jubilees. The fact that it is the oldest commentary in the world on Genesis is a distinction. But it is not on this ground that we prize it, but rather for the insight it gives us into the religious beliefs of Judaism in the second century B. C." He also says: "The author was a Pharisee of the strictest sect, an upholder of the everlasting validity of the law. He held the strictest view of circumcision, the Sabbath and the duty of shunning all intercourse with the Gentiles. He believed in angels and demons and in a blessed immortality. We may reasonably infer him to have been a priest, as he exalts Levi over Judah and publishes the secret traditions kept in the hands of the sons of Levi."

The early Fathers knew the book well and mentioned it by name continually up to the middle of the fourteenth century. From that time, however, the original was lost and for four hundred years nothing was known of it except through a few scattered fragments.

"Dr. Krapff, an African missionary, found the book in Abyssinia, had it transcribed and sent the manuscript to the University Library at Tubingen. The work was an Ethiopian version of the original and was first translated by Dillman about 1859."

There are four manuscripts in existence. The first in Tubingen, one in the British Museum, a third in the National Library in Paris, and the fourth in the private collection of M. d' Abbade.

The name "Book of Jubilees" is given from the singular chronology used. The author divides the period from the creation to the entrance into Canaan into fifty jubilees of forty-nine years each.

The idea of the sacredness and importance of the number seven so dominated him that he introduced it where Scripture is silent, and even altered the wording of texts in order to make events fit into this septenary system. Chapter vi, verse 35 reads: "It is not of my own devising for the book lies written before me and on the Heavenly Tables the division of days is ordained." The name "Little Genesis" is given also to the work; not because the book is less voluminous than the Old Testament Genesis, but because it deals with such minutiæ as are not found in the canonical book.

The writer professes to give a history of the world from the creation to the settlement in Canaan. An angel is supposed to be commanded to

"Write for Moses from the beginning of creation till my sanctuary has been built among them for all eternity, and the Lord will appear to the eyes of all and all will know that I am the God of Israel and the father of all the children of Jacob, and King on Mount Zion for all eternity, and Zion and Jerusalem will be holy." Chapter I, 27-28.

There are angels as well as demons sprinkled thickly all through the narrative. In his pious endeavor to interest the people of his time in the early Jewish stories, the author has not scrupled to add or subtract therefrom, to embellish or omit as he chooses. His chief desire seems to be to glorify the Jewish law as an everlasting ordinance, superior to time; to extol Israel and prove her to be subject to God alone and to denounce bitterly all Gentiles.

The insidious undermining of the Jewish faith by the influences of Hellenism seemed to the author to demand the recognition of the law as valid from eternity to eternity. Thus, he teaches that the Sabbath, although first ordained in the time of Jacob, was originally celebrated in heaven by God and the two chief orders of angels and Israel were to unite in observing it. Chapter ii-19-21. Circumcision was ordained in much the same way. The two highest orders of angels having been created circumcised. The patriarchs are transformed into saints and their misdeeds are either glossed over or left out entirely. The principal Jewish rites are all ascribed to some of the patriarchs. Thus the Feast of the Tabernacles is ascribed to Abraham's seven day feast of rejoicing over the promise of a son, and the day of atonement was supposedly instituted as a day of mourning to commemorate the death of Joseph.

The contents of the book are manipulated without regard to time or tradition, omitting, commenting, changing whenever necessary to explain what, to the author, is a difficult situation.

The whole story is tremendously interesting. Apart from the charm of the narrative, the book has great value in showing the kind of influence that surrounded Jesus when he became interested in religious problems and began to discuss to the popular themes of his day.

Narrow our field of tillage, short our tenancy,
But thine infinity, Oh God, and thine eternity,
Here, resting now upon our little deeds and shortened days,
Stretch out and onward and forever.

Our problems fit and fill our boundaries,
Our labor ends at sunset, at thy feet
We leave the plow when twilight calls us home.

Our time is thine, we cannot reach success,
Only reach toward it. More thou dost not ask,
Less, none can render in man's honesty.

Our duty, that our little plot is tilled
So those that follow find it mellowed land,
A world where more men clearer know thy love,
Because we lived and toiled.

Nov. 27, 1896. *William Kent.*

THE HOME

CONTRIBUTIONS TO THIS DEPARTMENT SHOULD BE SENT TO MISS KATHERINE JONES, THE WINDEMERE, 1614 E. 56TH ST., CHICAGO

Helps to High Living

MON.—To the Carpenter's way of thinking spirituality is a virile thing, one that makes greatly for an affirmative life.

TUES.—To know one's own time is the surest mark of mentality.

WED.—Self respect has in it, beneath all its gentleness and forbearance, a granitic quality.

THURS.—Humor is the mark of a mind at ease.

FRI.—Democracy itself is the best—and only—creator of a people fit for democracy.

SAT.—A terrible army to stand up against is one wherein each soldier has been made to sink his personal feelings in the spirit of the whole; it shall inherit the earth.

SUN.—Democracy in its essence is not a movement away from religion: it is a movement toward a truer and higher religion.

—From The Call of the Carpenter, by Bouck White.

DOROTHY ROSE.

Dorothy Rose had a turned-up nose.
Did she worry about it, do you suppose?
Oh, no; but a plan she began to hatch
To make the rest of her features match.

First of all, she trained her eyes,
Turning them up to the sunny skies.
Look at the mud and dust? Not she!
Nothing but sunshine would Dorothy see.

A flower that droops has begun to wilt,
So up went her chin, with a saucy tilt.
An ounce of pluck's worth a pound of sigh,
And courage comes with a head held high.

Lastly, her lips turned their corners up,
Brimming with smiles like a rosy cup,
Oh, what a charming child is Dorothy Rose—
And it all began with a turned-up nose.

—Pauline Frances Camp, in North-western.

Reconstructing a "Reb."

It has long been the belief of both North and South that, if Mr. Lincoln had lived, much of the bitterness of the "reconstruction" era would never have been aroused. But, as it was, his spirit lived after him; an occurrence just after the close of the war that Gen. Basil W. Duke of the Confederate army witnessed, and that he describes in his interesting "Reminiscences," is suggestive of what would doubtless have been the method of Mr. Lincoln.

"One morning, about nine o'clock, I was sitting on the platform of a station, waiting for my train, when my attention was attracted to a squad of Federal soldiers who had evidently been on guard during the night, but were now getting their breakfast. They were well supplied with rations, and seemed in high spirits.

Just then I caught sight of a lanky, hungry-looking fellow who was unmistakably an ex-Confederate. He wore a ragged, faded gray jacket, with the buttons cut off, a pair of most dilapidated blue trousers, and an old canvas haversack, as empty as extrasidereal space, hung round his neck. If he had eaten a square meal within six months, appearances were deceitful. He was partially hidden behind a cotton bale, whence he watched the Yankee spread with eyes that threatened to protrude across the intervening distance.

About the time I saw him the "Yanks" also caught sight of him. They held a short consultation; then one of them sprang up, started toward him and shouted out:

"Hello, Reb! Come this way; we want you!"

For some reason—perhaps because I was sick and peevish—I conceived the idea that they wanted to arrest him, and my blood boiled with indignation at so totally an unprovoked act of oppression.

The "Johnnie" evidently entertained the same opinion, for he began a rather rapid retreat. A fresh summons, however, reinforced by a volley of threats, induced him to turn and approach the party—with an attempted dignity of demeanor that was ludicrous compared with his hasty retrograde movement.

When he reached the spot where the "grub" was, the Yanks seized him, made him sit down, and began to exert themselves to appease his manifest hunger.

I have known some extraordinary feeders, but I honestly believe I have never seen any other two men eat as much as that fellow did. He kept at it steadily for not less than an hour, while the Yanks aided and encouraged him to the utmost. He drank six tin cupfuls of coffee. He swelled visibly, and I wondered how his frail garments stood the tension.

When at length he finished, his captors crammed his weather-beaten old haversack full of hardtack and bacon, and sent him on his way rejoicing.

It is scarcely necessary to say that my own feelings in regard to the incident had very materially changed during its progress." *—Youths' Companion.*

A Plucky Native

Four lions attacked a herd of cattle on a farm at Romsey, South Africa, says a news item in the Rhodesia *Herald*. The herd boy was standing on an antheap examining a pair of boots he had got the day previous, when he heard a low growl near him. On looking up, he saw that three lions had got hold of three cows, while another lion stood looking on.

The boys pulled off his boots and threw them at the nearest lion, and then made a rush for them with a stick, shouting at the same time at the top of his voice to another herdboy to bring a gun.

In the meantime two lions had got their cows down, but, nothing daunted, the Kaffir made a rush for them, and the lions moved away from their prey. The boy then rounded up his cattle (he had 108 head), and while he was doing so had to chase the lions away several times; when he was at one side, the lions would try to catch the cattle on the other. However, he brought all his cattle safely home. Since then one of the cows has died, the claw of a lion having penetrated her lung.

For cool daring, it would be hard to beat the chasing of four lions single-handed, and with no weapon except a pair of boots and a stick.

—Youths' Companion.

My first wish is to see the whole world at peace, and the inhabitants of it as one band of brothers, striving which should most contribute to the happiness of mankind. *George Washington.*

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THE FIELD

"The World is my Country, to do Good is my Religion."

BISHOP HENRY ROWLAND.

Born, 1551—Died, 1616.

Archdeacon W. T. Morgan, M. A., of Treftraeth, Anglesea, has published a Welsh biography of the Right-Reverend Henry Rowland, Bishop of the Bangor Cathedral, North Wales, the salient points of which are here translated for UNITY. The book is couched in classic Welsh with interesting illustrations of a number of the old parish churches of the 14th, 15th and 16th centuries.

Archdeacon Morgan, in the preface, complains that the material for the biography is very meager, because Bishop Rowland left no manuscripts of any kind. Not a personal letter has been found to show even his hand-writing; only transcriptions of his will and other documents; yet the good and scholarly bishop lives in his deeds, and by his connection with some of the brightest lights of church and laity of the Elizabethan age. His contemporaries were William Shakespeare, Ben Johnson, Christopher Marlowe and others in England, and in Wales, Bishop William Morgan, Bishop Richard Vaughn, who served as chaplain to Queen Elizabeth, and the poets Gruffydd Hiraethog, Owain Gwynedd and the scholarly William Lleyn.

Henry Rowland was born at Mellteyrn, in Llyn, in the year 1551. His parents were Roland Ap Robert and Elizabeth, daughter of Griffith Ap Robert Vaughan of Dahlenbont, Plas Hen, Eivioneth.

The Mellteyrn family at that time were considered among the élite of the county. This is shown conclusively by the alliterative poems, "Elegy to Rolant Robert of Mellteyrn,' in 1570, "Elegy to Edward Rowland of Mellteyrn," in 1602, and the "Elegy of Thomas Rolant," by Sion (John) Phylib.

He was christened in the Mellteyrn Church, as he had declared himself in his will, "According to that Divine Ordinance, in the name of the Father, Son and Holy Ghost—the three Persons in one God and Trinity." His boyhood schooling was received in the parish of Penllech. As far as we know, no records of this school exist. Probably the parish priest taught and sustained this school. It seems that he was ordained a deacon, February 14, 1572, by Dr. Nicholas Robinson, Bishop of Bangor, and was appointed rector of Mellteyrn the next day.

In 1573 he entered Oxford University and was made a member of St. Mary Hall February 17 of the same year. Soon afterward he moved to New College. He graduated as B. A. February 17, 1574, and as M. A., June 27, 1577. At the same time he was made chaplain of the New College. He received the degree of B. D., March 27, 1591, and that of D. D., June 28, 1605. In 1606 he was received as a member of Gray's Inn, as a recognition of his knowledge of the "Land and Ecclesiastic Law." He was, unquestionably, a great scholar in Latin, Greek and Hebrew.

He served as parson of Mellteyrn for nine years, and in 1581 was appointed rector of Langton, or Lanton, Oxford County, England.

Presumably he was placed far away from his native land through the influence of his cousin, Dr. Richard Vaughan, of Duffryn, Llyn. Dr. Richard Vaughan, in his time, had become a man of great influence, an able preacher, and noted for his learning and piety. He served as chaplain to Queen Elizabeth and to Chancellor Pickering. He served as one of those who assisted Dr. William Morgan in publishing the Welsh Bible. He also composed the "Lambeth Essays," or Articles, for Archbishop Whitgift in 1594.

Henry Rowland moved to Launton soon after his appointment. He at once began to repair the parish church. Among other improvements he planted rows of yew trees, whose branches adorn and shelter the road to the parsonage, even in these days. He was the first proper rector appointed at Launton after the Reformation. Soon after his establishment in his parish he married a widow of the name, Francis Cotesford. The marriage of a priest was a novel thing in those days and was considered ludicrous and immoral. It was necessary to secure the sanction of a bishop and two justices of the peace, in order to enable churchmen to marry. Queen Elizabeth strenuously opposed the marriage of priests, and she showed her displeasure in the matter publicly and in private because a life of celibacy had been that of every churchman for centuries previous to the Reformation.

Rector Henry Rowland's career at Launton proved to be successful and beneficial, and while far away from Wales, he kept in close touch with his native land. While there he was appointed by Bishop Robinson (of Bangor) an unofficial rector of Aberdaron, in 1583; also an unofficial Prebendary of Penmyndd (Mountain-top) in 1584. He was appointed Archdeacon of Anglesea in 1588, and Dean of Bangor in 1593.

Henry Rowland was appointed Bishop of Bangor on the 16th day of September, 1598, 316 years ago. He was installed at the cathedral, January 19, 1599. His predecessor was Bishop Richard Vaughan of Llyn, his cousin and neighbor. It is obvious from what follows that they were bosom friends throughout their lives. [To Be Continued]

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OFFICIAL PUBLICATION

ANNUAL STATEMENT of the United States branch of the Urbaine Fire Insurance Company of Paris, France, on the 31st day of December, 1913, made to the Insurance Superintendent of the State of Illinois, pursuant to law.

CAPITAL.

Amount of deposit capital in New and Ohio	$ 300,000.00

INCOME.

Premiums received during the year	$ 307,972.53
Interest and dividends	12,724.78
Received from home office	536,146.57
Total income	$ 856,843.88

DISBURSEMENTS.

Losses paid during the year	$ 91,248.57
Expenses of adjustment and settlement of losses	375.03
Commissions or brokerage	100,904.73
Advertising, printing and stationery, postage, etc.	1,018.94
Underwriters' boards, fire department and salvage corps, fees, etc.	2,101.31
State, insurance departments, taxes and fees	1,992.65
Other licenses, fees and taxes	349.05
Remittance to home office	9,074.46
Total disbursements	$ 207,064.74

LEDGER ASSETS.

Book value of bonds	$ 551,663.37
Cash in office and bank	50,594.94
Agents' balances	52,968.46
Other ledger assets	3,967.09
Total ledger assets	$ 659,193.86

NON-LEDGER ASSETS.

Interest accrued	$ 7,924.02
Gross assets	$ 667,117.88

DEDUCT ASSETS NOT ADMITTED.

Agents' balances over three monts due	$ 22.61	
Book value, bonds over market value	17,205.60	
		17,228.21
Total admitted assets		$ 649,889.67

LIABILITIES.

Losses adjusted and unpaid	$ 44.78	
Losses in process of adjustment or in suspense	24,940.49	
Total	$24,985.27	
Deduct re-insurance	6,266.81	
Net amount of unpaid losses		$ 18,718.46
Total unearned premiums		197,319.10
Salaries, rents, bills, taxes, etc.		2,000.00
Commissions and brokerage		4,923.77
Total liabilities		$ 222,961.33

BUSINESS IN ILLINOIS.

Total risks taken during the year	$3,317,893.00
Total premiums received during the year	35,217.11
Total losses incurred during the year.	5,812.59

FRED S. JAMES & Co., *U. S. Managers.*

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 28th day of January, 1914.

FRED S. BLOSSOM, *Notary Public.*

OFFICIAL PUBLICATION

ANNUAL STATEMENT of the United States branch of the Yorkshire Insurance Company of York, England, on the 31st day of December, 1913, made to the Insurance Superintendent of the State of Illinois, pursuant to law.

CAPITAL

Amount of deposit capital in New York and Ohio	$ 310,000.00

INCOME.

Premiums received during the year	$ 496,260.21
Interest and dividends	27,855.69
Received from home office	12.51
Profit on sale or maturity of ledger assets	500.00
Total income	$524,628.41

DISBURSEMENTS.

Losses paid during the year	$ 189,765.33
Expenses of adjustment and settlement of losses	3,088.86
Commissions or brokerage	117,193.64
Salaries, fees and all other charges of officers, clerks, agents and employes.	50,362.60
Rents	3,704.01
Advertising, printing and stationery, postage, etc.	11,041.27
Legal expenses, furniture, fixtures and maps	5,128.76
Underwriters' boards, fire departments and salvage corps, fees, etc.	10,391.63
Inspection and surveys	1,029.87
State, insurance departments, taxes and fees	9,464.07
Other licenses, fees and taxes	1,090.46
All other disbursements	3,535.86
Remittance to home office	730.52
Decrease in book value of ledger assets	320.95
Total disbursements	$ 406,847.83

LEDGER ASSETS.

Book value of bonds		$ 695,850.00
Cash in office and bank		116,105.85
Agents' balances		101,808.59
Total ledger assets		$ 913,764.44
NON-LEDGER ASSETS.		
Interest accrued		$ 8,152.08
Other non-ledger assets		8.84
Gross assets		$ 921,925.36
DEDUCT ASSETS NOT ADMITTED.		
Agents' balances over three monts due	$ 729.77	
Book value, bonds over market value	4,610.00	
Other unadmitted assets	50.00	
Special deposits to secure liabilities in Georgia	9,700.00	15,089.77
Total admitted assets		$ 906,835.59
LIABILITIES.		
Losses adjusted and unpaid	$ 5,703.49	
Losses in process of adjustment or in suspense	35,834.98	
Losses resisted	1,250.00	
Total	$42,788.47	
Deduct re-insurance	17,845.90	
Net amount of unpaid losses		24,942.57
Total unearned premiums		371,748.13
Salaries, rents, bills, taxes, etc.		8,500.00
Total liabilities		$ 405,190.70

BUSINESS IN ILLINOIS.

Total risks taken during the year	$3,204,834.00
Total premiums received during the year	34,721.17
Total losses incurred during the year.	9,715.97

FRANK & DU BOIS, *U. S. Managers.*

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 30th day of January, 1914.

THEO. L. BEH, *Notary Public.*

OFFICIAL PUBLICATION

ANNUAL STATEMENT of the Globe Fire Insurance Company of Huron, in the State of South Dakota, on the 31st day of December, 1913, made to the Insurance Superintendent of the State of Illinois, pursuant to law.

CAPITAL.

Amount of capital stock paid up in cash	$100,000.00

INCOME.

Premiums received during the year	$ 166,255.93
Interest, rents and dividends	7,014.15
From all other sources	31,991.59
Total income	$205,261.65

DISBURSEMENTS.

Losses paid during the year	$ 63,669.82
Expenses of adjustment and settlement of losses	246.90
Dividends to stockholders	8,000.00
Commissions or brokerage	38,149.43
Salaries, fees and all other charges of officers, clerks, agents and employes	23,315.00
Advertising, printing and stationery, postage, etc.	2,191.70
Legal expenses, furniture, fixtures and maps	730.77
Loan expenses	85.25
State insurance departments, taxes and fees	2,883.90
All other disbursements	2,936.61
Total disbursements	$142,209.38

LEDGER ASSETS.

Book value of real estate	$ 9,600.00
Mortgage loans on real estate	148,304.00
Book value of bonds and stocks	39,700.00
Cash in office and bank	82,788.62
Agents' balances	12,079.91
Bills receivable	4,199.19
Other ledger assets	2,568.69
	$299,240.41
Less ledger liabilities, deferred commissions	433.39
Total ledger assets	$298,807.02

NON-LEDGER ASSETS.

Interest due and accrued	$ 4,692.00
Gross assets	$303,499.02

DEDUCT ASSETS NOT ADMITTED.

Furniture, etc.		$ 934.05
Agents' balances over three months, due		2,407.90
Bills receivable and loans on personal security		1,148.47
		4,490.42
Total admitted assets		$299,008.60

LIABILITIES.

Losses adjusted and unpaid	$8,461.37	
Deduct re-insurance	30.00	
Net amount of unpaid losses		$ 8,431.37
Total unearned premiums		62,105.90
Taxes, etc.		2,522.23
Other liabilities		500.00
Total liabilities		$ 73,559.50

NO BUSINESS IN ILLINOIS.

H. C. SHOBER, *President.*
W. N. FARMER, *Secretary.*

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 17th day of March, 1914.

ETHEL C. SMITH, *Notary Public.*

OFFICIAL PUBLICATION

ANNUAL STATEMENT of the United States branch of the Western Assurance Company of Toronto, Canada, on the 31st day of December, 1913, made to the Insurance Superintendent of the State of Illinois, pursuant to law.

CAPITAL.

Amount of deposit capital in New York and Ohio	$ 312,000.00

INCOME.

Premiums received during the year	$1,582,757.54
Interest and dividends	93,955.33
Received from home office	218,571.43
Profit on sale or maturity of ledger assets	90.00
Total income	$1,895,374.30

DISBURSEMENTS.

Losses paid during the year	$ 911,123.15
Expenses of adjustment and settlement of losses	13,359.54
Commissions or brokerage	359,361.33
Salaries, fees and all other charges of officers, clerks, agents and employes.	148,194.53
Rents	7,364.05
Advertising, printing and stationery, postage, etc.	29,885.75
Legal expenses, furniture, fixtures and maps	8,689.29
Underwriters' boards, fire department and salvage corps, fees, etc.	23,999.16
Inspection and surveys	4,712.02
State, insurance departments, taxes and fees	38,490.43
Other licenses, fees and taxes	12,206.60
All other disbursements	1,806.89
Remittance to home office	158,555.13
Agents' balances charged off	1,902.67
Loss on sale or maturity of ledger assets	2,715.05
Total disbursements	$1,722,365.59

LEDGER ASSETS.

Book value of bonds and stocks	$1,929,883.85
Cash in office and bank	451,878.58
Agents' balances	260,047.55
Bills receivable	696.86
Other ledger assets	2,806.47
Total ledger assets	$2,645,313.31

NON-LEDGER ASSETS.

Interest accrued	20,396.67
Other non-ledger assets	14,867.37
Gross assets	$2,680,577.35

DEDUCT ASSETS NOT ADMITTED.

Supplies, printed matter, stationery, furniture, etc.	$ 2,806.47	
Agents' balances over three months due	13,273.99	
Bills receivable and loans on personal security	80.00	
Book value, bonds and stocks over market value	86,251.46	
Special deposits to secure liabilities in Virginia and California	136,080.00	
		238,491.92
Total admitted assets		$2,442,085.43

LIABILITIES.

Losses in process of adjustment or in suspense	$204,959.89	
Losses resisted	13,557.00	
Total	$218,516.89	
Deduct re-insurance	50,950.00	
Net amount of unpaid losses		167,566.89
Total unearned premiums		1,327,882.57
Salaries, rents, bills, taxes, etc.		24,941.36
Commissions and brokerage		3,885.94
Total liabilities		$1,524,276.76
Less liabilities secured by special deposits		98,358.91
		$1,425,917.85

BUSINESS IN ILLINOIS.

Total risks taken during the year	$8,329,053.00
Total premiums received during the year	82,036.28
Total losses incurred during the year.	38,146.41

W. B. MEIKLE, *U. S. Manager.*

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 29th day of January, 1914.

JOHN H. HUNTER, *Notary Public.*

OFFICIAL PUBLICATION

ANNUAL STATEMENT of the United States branch of the Warsaw Fire Insurance Company of Warsaw, Russia, on the 31st day of December, 1913, made to the Insurance Superintendent of the State of Illinois, pursuant to law.

CAPITAL.

Amount of deposit capital in New York and Ohio	$ 300,000.00

INCOME.

Premiums received during the year	$ 616,397.98
Interest and dividends	36,404.27
Total income	$ 652,802.25

DISBURSEMENTS.

Losses paid during the year	$ 346,496.07
Expenses of adjustment and settlement of losses	4,239.76
Commissions or brokerage	172,404.63
Salaries, fees and all other charges of officers, clerks, agents and employes.	525.00
Advertising, printing and stationery, postage, etc.	99.25
Legal expenses, furniture, fixtures and maps	250.00
Underwriters' boards, fire department and salvage corps, fees, etc.	370.57
State, insurance departments, taxes and fees	4,206.44
All other disbursements	30,855.90
Total disbursements	$ 559,447.62

LEDGER ASSETS.

Book value of bonds	$ 938,854.34
Cash in office and bank	23,519.90
Agents' balances	83,585.86
Total ledger assets	$1,045,960.10

NON-LEDGER ASSETS.

Interest accrued	$ 10,529.14
Gross assets	$1,056,489.24

DEDUCT ASSETS NOT ADMITTED.

Agents' balances over three months due	$68,686.97	
Book value, bonds over market value	17,374.34	
		86,061.31
Total admitted assets		$ 970,427.93

LIABILITIES.

Losses in process of adjustment or in suspense	112,752.20
Total unearned premiums	455,076.23
Salaries, rents, bills, taxes, etc.	291.66
Return and re-insurance premiums	120,076.57
Other liabilities	4,640.83
Total liabilities	$ 692,837.49

BUSINESS IN ILLINOIS.

Total risks taken during the year	$2,605,209.00
Total premiums received during the year	32,104.82
Total losses incurred during the year.	18,813.20

FESTER & FOLSOM, *U. S. Managers.*

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 31st day of January, 1914.

HELEN NESTLER, *Notary Public.*